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"FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET."

I.
The labor is over and done;
The sun has gone down in the west;
The birds are asleep every one,
And the world has gone to its rest—
Sleepers on beds of down,
Neath cover of silk and gold,
Soft, as on roses new-blown,
Slept the great monarch of old!
Sleepers on mother's breast,
Sleepers happy and warm,
Cosy as birds in their nest,
With never a thought of harm!
Sleepers in garrets high,
Neath coverlet ragged and old;
And one little sleeper all under the sky,
Out in the night and the cold!
Alone in the wide, wide world,
Christless, motherless he;
Begging or stealing to live, and whirled
Like waif on an angry sea.

II.
The daisy looks up from the grass,
Fresh from the fingers of Night,
To welcome the birds as they pass,
And drink in fresh rivers of light.
Sleepers on mother's breast,
Waken to summer and mirth;
But one little sleeper has gone to his rest,
Never to waken on earth—
Dead—found dead in the street,
All forsaken and lone;
Damp from the head to the feet,
With the dew of the sweet May-morn!

III.
Dead—for the want of a crust!
Dead—in the cold night-air!
Dead—and under the dust,
Without ever a word of prayer;
In the heart of the wealthiest city
In this most Christian land,
Without ever a word of pity,
Or the touch of a kindly hand!

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.
AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROMANCE OF WYNHOPE.

Wynhope is a large and handsome town, lying a good many miles south and west of the Poplars. It might even be called a city, if its inhabitants were pretentious people, ambitious of new titles, but the town of Wynhope had been in the time of their fathers, and the town of Wynhope they were content to have it yet.

It had broad, well-paved streets, lined with shops and stores of gay appearance in one quarter; and not a few fine old-style homesteads, substantially handsome, claiming plenty of elbow room, in the other. There were a goodly number of churches and academies, a prettily laid-out public park, and a town hall, wherein, in gay seasons, dramatic, and even operatic, representations were given to delight the aspiring and cultivated people of Wynhope. But, despite its city graces and adornments, there was an undeniable rural quality about the old place. In the centre of its most popular streets you would come upon a wide-porch cottage, with vines of clambering roses, cape jasmine, or Australian plant, winding round its windows, and climbing over its low roof. You could look through the parlors that surrounded its pretty garden, and see a miniature farm-yard at the back—where gay turkeys strutted with brotherly importance, and little bantams disputed contentiously with great shagbills. The tinkle of cow-bells was a familiar sound in Wynhope; and the smell of clover was scarcely lost, even in the neighborhood of the wholesale warehouses.

Wynhope had not only a river approach, but its manufactures warranted much railroad communication also; and thus at one straggling outskirts of the town where the great depot stood, there was a rattling, banging, hammering cluster of workshops, which had sprung up around it, and ready-made clothing, restaurants, and beer-saloons in profusion. But Wynhope had its romantic side; its streets soon wandered off into lanes, skirted with cedar and sycamore trees, and westward from its business aspect a pretty, graceful bridge spanned one of the loveliest streams that ever dashed headlong over time-worn rocks, or wandered in whispering stillness among banks of wild flowers. Sweet Clementina Creek; few of the pretty girls who wove rhymes to its siliding waters in the pushing days of poetic fancies, knew why it bore that maidenly name; they were content to drop pebbles into its silvery

breast as it lay in the morning sunlight, or sigh over its moonlight stillness when they strayed in groups along its verdant banks. There was one charm about the Clementina—it steadily refused to become common, or, at least, vulgar. There were picnic grounds along its banks, where the lower class—and there were very decided distinctions of society in Wynhope—used to claim the privilege of holding roistering away occasionally; its paths likewise were as free to the sunbonnet factory girl in her calico hood, as to the pretty miss in her elegant garden hat, but its shady beauty had never suffered by desecration. It was the lovely poetic Clementina, with its dozen phases of water life in every mile, its dark brooding stillness overhung with willows, its wild foamy dashing over stones half hidden in the spray wreaths, its curving nooks forming flower-bordered lakes, its tiny cataracts, and fairy madonnas never growing dull or commonplace, but always reigning over the minds of the youthful Wynhopes as the dearest of living streamlets. Before you came to the bridge that spans this favorite water, the appearance of Wynhope becomes very rural, considering its businesslike aspect of a few rods further towards the river. The houses change to cottages, the gardens spread into little fields, and daisies and clover spring under your very feet.

One of the oldest and most picturesque of these pretty habitations, had belonged time out of mind, to a family named Berryl; an unfortunate household in one thing, since they had reversed the order of nature, the younger branches being all gone, and only the elder trunk of the family tree remaining. Old Paul Berryl, now nearly four-score, lived desolately in the homestead made glad in years long gone by the sound of merry voices. His wife and four children had been one after the other taken from him, and he stood alone, a bowed old man, childish in spirit and very sorrowful. Little more than twenty years before they had been a happy family, well to do for such plain folk, and prosperous in every undertaking. John, the eldest, was a handsome young man of whom they were properly proud. Old Paul had an ambition of his own, and by some chance influence the lad was entered into the naval school and bred a gentleman, as his grateful parent said. The three daughters, Mary, Nelly, and Bess, as they were called, were pretty girls, particularly the youngest, who was the family pride and hope. The two elder were delicate; but Barbara was blooming and brilliant as an opening rose. She was gentle and thoughtful, given to moping, her mother used to say, when she would find her in some quiet corner reading old stories, with a perfect unconsciousness of anything occurring round her.

The three girls were belles, in their way, and not without suitors; and Mary and Nelly became happily betrothed to two brothers, James and Edward Garfield. Promising and comfortably situated young men whose father, a flour dealer, had taken them into his trade and given them a good start in business life. Perhaps the Garfields were a shade higher in the social scale than the pretty girls they proposed to lift a straw's breadth in matrimony; at any rate, Mrs. Garfield, their respectable and ambitious mother, thought so; and for a time discomfited the union; but being a tender-hearted, as well as a loving woman, she had yielded when she saw her boys' hearts set on the hope of making Mary and Ellen Berryl their wives. Besides, John Berryl, the now past-midshipman, was such a fine gentleman-like fellow, that when the two families met together in social conjunction to recognize the close union that would soon exist between them, the heart of Mrs. Garfield was subdued so completely by the elegance and grace of the son, that she anxiously closed her eyes to the homely simplicity of the mother, and the downright bluntness of the honest old father.

Speaking of the family to her husband, she confessed that she had regarded the close alliance in any but a hopeful light. "But I feel almost reconciled to it now," she added. "To be sure, Mary and Nelly are merely pretty and amiable, but young Mr. John is quite stylish, and Barbara promises so well, that she'll be likely to make a fine match and raise the whole family."

Alas for poor Barbara, it was in the fond adulation of those who loved her only, that she was ever destined to hold a fair place in society. Somehow a scandal grew out about her—whispered at first, and indignantly denied by all who knew her well. A theatrical company had played at Wynhope with great success; and when, after a six weeks' season, they departed, their comedy hero, the elegant young Dorsett, that all the young girls of Wynhope raved about to each other in secret, remained behind.

How he came to know honest Paul Berryl's daughter Barbara, no one could guess—but it was of him, and their secret meetings, and strangely passionate interviews the whole story told.

She had been seen hanging about his peck weeping wildly, under the shadow of the willows on the Clementina banks; and late people going out that way to the little factory village, lying a few miles beyond, had noted her stealing homeward to her father's slumbering household, whilst the stealthy lover strode away into the town.

Every one knew these things before the word was brought into her own unhappy home. There was an orphan girl, called Esther Davis, who had lived with them for years, and knew no other interests than those of the family who had adopted her; she was a good deal younger than Barbara, little more than a child, in fact, and people in the store where she went to buy the family provisions talked freely before her. She came home in great wonder and much agitation, burdened with the tale.

Mrs. Berryl had been ailing with a little fever. It was autumn weather; the rains set in early, and in the invariable house scouring of the season she had taken cold, and sick with it, kept her room for a few days. It happened that the sisters all were with her when the startled Esther burst amongst them, crying:

"Oh, Mrs. Berryl, down at Hodge's the men were saying such strange things of Barbara. Oh, it's awful, and they're telling how her character's all gone, and she's disgraced for ever. Please send Mr. Berryl down to explain it all, for its dreadful to hear what they say."

That was the beginning of a bitter end. Mrs. Berryl looked with steady horror into her lighted daughter's eyes. She never asked one word or question after that; the startled truth gleamed out upon her suddenly, and she cared to know no more. She turned herself to the wall, honest woman, with a pure name and an unspotted record heretofore. She could not face the world again.

That night Barbara fled secretly from her home, and that day week her mother was laid in her grave. Mrs. Garfield came to speak quietly and seriously with Mary and Nelly. The result of her interview was that some little packages, bearing her sons' names, were sent to her house, and a little note from the two sisters accompanied them. It contained but a few words. The sad trouble that had befallen them had determined them in the course they now pursued; their father needed their utmost care and attention, and although they would ever be James and Edward Garfield's sincere friends, they begged to return the pledges they had received and say good-bye. They were quiet, delicate-looking girls at any rate, and no one of the very few people who now saw them would have guessed from their appearance how much the effort they had made cost their poor hearts; but Nelly's burden was not long to be borne. Before the spring came in again, scattering the snow with laughing sunshine, she lay beside her mother, and her poor, sad sister stood alone.

Old Paul Berryl bore the shock bravely. It only made him stern and hard. He had been a good, easy-going soul, prosperous and happy, with a respectable bearing and the sensible judgment of a man who never tried to soar beyond his level. Now he seemed to have gained a strange, cold dignity, and the power of carrying himself proudly above pity or confidence. He shut the door of his heart closely the morning he found his daughter's chamber empty, and never more opened his lips about her or her shameful flight. He laid his wife and daughter in the grave in stony silence, and went back to the task of living as one who defied the torture of memory or the fear of future sorrow to crush him into wailing grief. One only injunction he laid upon his diminished household. His son John was cruising in the Pacific, with a hope and promise of promotion when the three years' voyage was over. No one should tell him the fearful story, till it could no longer be withheld from his knowledge. The decent sorrow of death he might share with them, and learn that his dear mother and sister were angels in heaven, but the black shame of the one who had wrought the havoc he must be saved from hearing, at least upon the piteous sea, into which he might madly fling himself to wash away the dreadful stain.

No time went on, but no word ever came of the desperate girl who had plunged them all in sorrow. Mary longed to be able to meet poor John and try to break the blow destined to fall upon him. Her own poor heart had bled at every word of his, written in consolation of their mutual sorrow. He said he was striving hard to gain leave of absence, that he might share Barbara's watch over their dear old father, and let Mary marry the good fellow who was enduring his lonely life so long and patiently. But there was another hindrance waiting for the poor girl, who grew impatient, and claimed her just a fortnight before her brother's return. The poor longing eyes closed peacefully, and the wasted face smiled calmly in its last rest. They placed her beside her kindred, and old Paul Berryl went back to his empty home. There he met his

darling boy, and there poor John heard the story of his blotted name, while something of his father's spirit in the young man froze his grief for his sister's death into icy horror for the fate of his sister living.

But he soon woke to a stronger, firmer feeling, that grew apace into an unalterable determination, and in its strength and fervor saved him from blank despair. The man Dorsett, where was he? He would find him if he walked the face of the earth. That was the only thing now left for him to do, and when it was over he prayed God that he might lie down and die, for the sight of the light of day was hideous in his eyes. His father entreated him to stay with him and leave the villain in the hands of his Creator, who had said, "Vengeance is mine." For the world-serving, cowardly brothers, the excited young man cherished a hatred only inferior in bitterness to the feeling that prompted for revenge on Dorsett, and his father was fain to let him depart, fearing an encounter in Wynhope between him and the now prosperous merchants, James and Edward Garfield.

John Berryl left his home, never to return. That was twenty years before the winter when Mr. Louis Wallace asked handsome Olivia Copeland to be his wife, some day when he felt he might deserve her better; and in the few first years the poor lonely old father in Wynhope had wandered far and near in search of his lost boy.

Esther Davis, the grateful girl who repaid the early kindness the family had shown her by a life's devotion to its last surviving member, was well assured that the "young lieutenant," as she always called him, had died away in the South of some noxious fever, while bent upon his dreary search for revenge; but although letters were brought to him to prove it, and every incident of his loss detailed, the bereaved father refused to believe his boy was dead.

By and by he fell suddenly from his cold, proud, unbending grief, into childish tenderness and sorrow. It was a paralytic stroke, the physician said; but Esther Davis, who was an ignorant woman, blest the change as God's merciful love that had thawed the frozen soul. He spoke of Barbara, quite forgetful of her crime, and only mindful of the sad separation that held them inevitably apart. Strange to say, the erring girl seemed to be aware of this change of feeling, and sent a timid token of her love and duty to her old father. It was received with a slight shock, that threatened to recall the past too clearly, but it lasted only an instant, and the old man's face beamed with pleasure, and he wept fondly over the remembrance of his lost beauty.

A peddler woman whom Esther had often seen wandering about with her wares, became a regular messenger after that time, and for five or six years had brought constant packages, that suited the old Paul's childish fancies, but they what they might. It was a lonely house now, the cottage near the Clementina. The front rooms were closed and no longer used, only the sitting room and the old man's bed room opening from it were lighted in the evening. Esther, prim and prematurely old, moved about silently in pursuit of her many duties as housekeeper and nurse.

CHAPTER VII. THE APPOINTED.

Leonore Kaye and her two pretty companions sat together in their pleasant morning parlor the day after the skating party. The twin sisters were busy scanning some plates of Paris fashions, and deciding how silly, short-sighted little creatures as they were, about the favorite dresses to be arranged for their adornment when the odious time of mourning was past, never thinking that the styles would then be out of date.

"It is lonely in this great house," said Leonore suddenly; "it was delightful yesterday on that glittering pond, with the excitement of rivalry and gay society. I believe I should like to be always in such a scene."

"Oh, Leonore," cried Bertha reproachfully, "you said only yesterday morning that you were happy to be with us, and cared for nothing beyond this charming room and its delightful array of amusements."

"Yes," returned Leonore yawning, "I did think so yesterday morning, but I feel differently now. I find it stupid."

Her tone was petulant and fretful, like that of a crossed or weary child, and her face bore a corresponding sort of expression. The two fair girls glanced timidly at the pretty, willful-looking creature, and Adah stole softly to her side and kissed her flushing cheek.

"It was not so pleasant with company here last night, I'm sure," she urged. "Mrs. Wallace says so much to one that it's quite confusing, she has a watching sort of way too that is really unpleasant, and asks such odd questions about everything."

"She's a bore," said Leonore bluntly, and as she spoke, Olivia, with her little tablets

in her hand, and her pencil tapping her lips, came into the room.

"I am sending to New York by letter for some things I need," she said. "Is there any little commission I can add for you, fair ladies?"

She spoke gayly and cheerily, and seemed so bright and buoyant that the contrast between the two of the day before was reversed, Olivia had found Leonore's spirits, Leonore herself was drooping.

"I want nothing," Leonore said—then she added, "thank you for asking."

"If we could get those amber beads, you know, Leonore," hinted Adah. "Did you not say that was all we need to make our fire screens perfect?"

But Olivia was full of something important, and for the time being, conscious only of what she had to communicate. She bit her lips with sudden nervousness, and changed color once or twice despite her efforts at self-control before she spoke, then she said, clearing her throat, which seemed to grow provokingly dry.

"Miss Kaye, and my dear sisters, I think it right to tell you at once something of great importance to my own life that has just occurred, and indeed an event which must affect your own in a measure, that is, I believe it to be something of which you should be made immediately aware."

Leonore rose up from her lounging position and fixed her eyes like glittering lights full on the speaker's face.

Olivia met the look quietly, only showing by a slightly heightened color that she felt its intensity.

"I do not know whether or not I surprise you when I say that Mr. Louis Wallace has proposed to me, and I have accepted him as my future husband."

Her sisters uttered a little cry of astonishment. Miss Kaye gave no sound, and she went on hurriedly:

"I know, it being only two months since my aunt's death, the affair may appear premature, and of course we shall be obliged to act most circumspectly. Indeed Louis may go abroad again and leave me under his mother's care entirely. But I trust you will understand, dear girls, that the arrangement must make nothing but pleasure for you, and that both he and I would not for the world interfere with your comfort or happiness in the slightest."

"He will come to live here then," said Leonore slowly, and with the manner of one who tries to understand a difficult proposition, "and we will be under a sort of guardianship of his. Bertha and Adah will be his sisters—but I, what shall I be?"

Olivia glanced with a faint shade of severity at the speaker, who with a strangely meaning expression went on, taking no heed of the look—

"Yes, I think it is better as it is—he will belong to us all then, and I shall see him every day."

"Leonore, Miss Kaye," cried Olivia, flushed and displeased, "the gentleman of whom you speak is to be my husband. According to my aunt's will The Poplars will be our home, but I really do not understand you when you say that he will belong to you all." She stopped quickly, as if a little ashamed of her warmth and haste.

Leonore laughed loud and long.

"You are jealous," she said sharply, "which is weak and silly, quite unbecoming to your lofty style."

"Come, girls, we'll make the fire screens, and fashion kettle holders, and mats for the tea-table; we are going to be overflown with domestic bliss by and by, and should be getting all the appliances ready."

Miss Copeland only took an instant's thought, and then she decided that the best thing to do was to be unconscious of the young man's cynical humor; she smiled and kissed her perplexed looking sisters, who seemed ready undecided as to the exact nature of the change in their family relations, and whether Olivia should be congratulated or consoled with.

To her surprise Miss Kaye followed this entrance by offering up on her own responsibility in a pure, womanly spirit, and without a shadow of her former mood.

"God bless you and make you truly happy," she said, and kissed her fervently.

Olivia looked down at the two little hands that clasped her own earnestly, then at the mouth that quivered with feeling, and the eyes that gazed with tears.

"What an uncomfortably odd creature!" she thought to herself, "one minute she is so sharp and disagreeable that it is a pleasure to hate her, the next she is gentle and tender, and makes you ashamed of being angry with her."

But she expressed none of these opinions openly, being a discreet, peace-loving girl; she took the good as it came, without questioning, and returned Leonore's caress with polite civility.

"I must go and finish my letter," she said, returning to her pleased and happy manner. "I shall have a visitor soon, I suppose, and must learn to arrange my business so that Louis's presence may not interfere with it."

She went away, looking so completely

satisfied and happy in her good fortune, so brightly hopeful for the future, and with such a new and added dignity and grace of manner, that her sisters sighed involuntarily as if they too missed a pleasure that should be theirs.

Not a word would Leonora utter after she left. Her whole manner changed to one of dull brooding gloom, and she gathered herself into the corner of the sofa and nursed her knees in silence, unbroken by a syllable till dinner time. Then she dressed herself carefully, and coming down into the great dining room, where Mr. Wallace and his mother were entertained in state, the gratified matron all beaming and serene, with the wish of her heart fulfilled.

Her son bore his happiness with singular equanimity, not in the least degree evincing any emotion awakened by the circumstances around him. In fact he seemed, if anything, a trifle bored by his mother's congratulatory looks, and the ceremony of greeting his sisters-in-law that were to be.

When Leonora saw as she did at a glance that his face expressed no elation, her own brightened instantly, and she laid her hand in his and laughed mischievously in his eyes, without any explanation of her sudden mirth.

Olivia did not like this, and she frowned instinctively; still less did she relish the evident relief her future lord seemed to feel in the society of the provoking little creature, who, after her dull morning, flashed out into an evening of positive brilliancy. She astonished her completely, for Olivia looked on the sharer of her aunt's fortune as erratic, wilful and eccentric, without giving her credit for talent or peculiar mental endowments.

Now she could not withhold the involuntary admiration her sparkling merriment excited, and she wondered where a girl, educated in a quiet establishment under the control of elderly maiden ladies, as her sisters had told her Leonora was, could have gathered the store of anecdotes and merry tales she told, the wit to charm against their will the hearts of listeners, and take their fancy captive. She made Louis laugh more heartily than his destined bride had thought possible for one who yielded so far to the influence of mirth. She forced Mrs. Wallace to her to repeat a witticism that she had lost in the ringing shout of her son's laughter, and she conquered Olivia so far that she forgot to be wary and distrustful, and yielded completely to the spell of her witchery. The two sisters were always gay and delighted when their pet companion was, so they of course rejoiced in the general pleasure.

The face of their entertainer beamed with the spirit of joy, her eyes danced and glittered, her cheeks glowed, her red lips shone in smiles and dimples. She promised them a fairy festival on her birthday in the spring, and bade Louis find an Oscar worthy of her favor, for she would be Titania and revive the court of faeries. She pictured the splendor of her nuptial hour upon the lawn, and gave each of her friends an appropriate character from *Romance*, in which to come and pay their court to her. Louis should be Iachinus, not that she thought him capable of feats of arms, she said, but that he would look well in the dress, and was withal a knightly figure. Olivia could not be his Rosalind, her hair was too beautifully black. She might not care to be the needless daughter of the dew, but she would look Rebecca gloriously, particularly if any one accompanied her in the broad of dignity or decorum. "She is such a splendid woman, you know," she said, turning to Louis, "and so proper and correct, and faultless in every way, that haughty, scornful creatures, such as I, shock her into an additional flash of indignation, which only increases her beauty, while it intimidates us."

Olivia laughed. She was perfectly good humored, and there was no latent meaning in Leonora's tone to rouse the old distrust that for this once slumbered in her heart. But the merry girl grew tired of being merry. So she only she changed her nose, and turning swiftly into thoughtful gravity, carried her listeners unwittingly with her, she had not thought of something so odd and ridiculous that happened near her school at Rochester. Olivia suggested it by a word or two of defense, she had some against the reputation of too much ceremony. "It was about a bride who died or seemed to die upon her bridal day, the saddest story that could be conceived, and the little actress told it with drooping eyes and hushed voice, lingering sighs over the pride and beauty of the fair creature who was snatched from the very arms of joy, so suddenly that her face froze in its gladness, and the joy and merriment like a stone figure representing passing time. She had a weak heart that had caused her some pain before; but there never had been the least fear that the disease would prove mortal, until suddenly it had done so. They buried her, and her husband, strange to tell, the narrator said, grieved for her silently, but so deeply that he too died, and was laid beside her when the year was out. It was his last wish that he might hold her perishing form in his dead arms, and then they might fall to dust together. When they opened her coffin to carry out his strange desire, they found to their horror that the poor young bride had awoken from the trance in which they had buried her, and made some convulsive movements in her horrible death struggle upon the ground. She had been a very peculiar girl in her life of fitness and merriment, and they had buried her with a ring she used to wear before her marriage day, but had left off on that occasion. They found the ring lying loosely in the bottom of the coffin, where she had dropped it, for even in her dreadful torture it was so out of place in her bridal death garments."

Olivia shuddered. "What a dreadful story," she said. "Oh, why will people bury the dead until there is no hope of their ever coming back to life?" The English are more Christianlike than we are, they keep their friends above ground for a week, but we hasten to cover them out of our sight. "I should wish to be put in a sepulchre like the Patriarch rested in, and left there to test which world I belonged to. I don't like the plan of transmuting a dead body in a household, nor should I emulate that hero of Miss Raye, and desire to clasp decay." And Louis shrugged his shoulders at the disagreeable thought.

"He had a heart, you know. I told you that to begin with," said Miss Raye, and she made him a little explanatory bow, at which he laughed and said, "Ah, I see."

Mrs. Wallace and her dutiful son, now dutifully settled for life, and high in his mother's favor in consequence, rode home together in the cold, snowy moonlight. He wrapped his fur collar around him and lay back in the corner of the carriage, with a determination towards silence that his wary parent at first forbore to interrupt.

At length she said gently, "Do you not think, dear Louis, that Miss Raye is very—very—"

"I think her very vivacious and captivating," he answered with great warmth, and in direct opposition to the worthy lady's wish. "She saves one the trouble of yawning, and is so varied and delightful that you don't begin to weary of one style till she offers you another."

Mrs. Wallace coughed dubiously. "Yes," she admitted, "she is entertaining and amusing, in fact she is particularly amusing; but that is the last quality one would require in a wife, my dear, is it not?"

Her son did not respond to this way of thinking, it seemed. He answered, a little cautiously, "Well, I really don't know why a man should condemn himself to the constant contemplation of stupidity; but, as you say, I suppose it's highly proper for one to get as dull a wife as he can."

"Why, my dear Louis," she had begun wonderingly, but she paused and allowed her knowledge of the young gentleman's character to weigh with her on the subject of taking him to task, a ceremony out of which she generally emerged somewhat ruffled, for although she was wont to describe him as the best of sons and most devoted and noble of men, it was a lamentable fact that Mr. Louis Wallace lost his laziness sometimes which was what passed with him for amiability, and awakening to energy and crossness at the same moment, would vow that he would not be picked at and dissected by any one, not even his own dear mother, whom he loved and respected thoroughly as long as she in no wise interfered with his comfort or happiness. So Mrs. Wallace tapered her sentence off into a series of short coughs, and inwardly resolved to do her utmost to keep her susceptible son out of the range of Miss Raye's captivities, which, even though he were engaged to Miss Olivia Copeland, could not be resisted entirely.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Breaks Down Young Men.

It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from tables of the mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Pierce from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths for the first ten years after graduation, is found in that portion of each class inferior in scholarship. Every one who has been through the curriculum knows that where *Academy* and political economy injure one, late hours and run punches injure a dozen; and that the two little fingers of *Morpheus* are heavier than the lions of *Euclid*. Dissipation is a swift and sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is the early flower exposed to untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled in the path of vice are named "Lepros," for they are money enough to convince every novice that he has no account that he shall escape a similar fate. A few hours of sleep each night, high living, and plenty of "machines," make war upon every function of the human body. The brain, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty are overtaxed, worn and weakened by the terrible energy of passion and appetite loosed from restraint, until, like a dilapidated mansion, the earthly house of this tabernacle falls into ruinous decay. Fast young men, note about!

A Type of our Weak Humanity.

What a difference between the two sayings to Peter, uttered within a few minutes of each other! "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which sitteth in heaven. And I say unto thee, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art a stumbling-block, a rock of offence." "Unto me." Can it be the same man to whom words of such different import are addressed? Yes, the same man in two quick successive states. Now to the eye which sees in the Father both enlightened, now as one whose mind Satan has filled and occupied, now the object of praise and blessing, now of censure and pungent rebuke. And does not this changing Peter, with these two opposite sides of his character turned so rapidly to Christ, stand a type and emblem of our weak humanity? of the ductile nature that is in the best of the followers of our Lord? of the quick transitions that often take place within us? our souls now shrouded in the light from heaven, now lit up with fire of another kindling? What lessons of humility and charity do such experiences in the history of the best men inculcate.

DEATH OF J. J. ASTOR.—John Jacob Astor, Jr., one of the wealthiest men of New York, died on the 17th, in the 65th year of his age. He was one of the three sons of the late John Jacob Astor, the famous mill bonnet. The two surviving sons are Wm. B. and Henry. The latter, who lives secluded in a mansion in Fourteenth street, in consequence of mental infirmity. The life of the deceased was not one that furnished much material for the biographer. He was a quiet, unobtrusive man, and seemed desirous of going through life in the enjoyment of his inherited riches, attracting as little public attention as possible.

A contemporary devotes its attention to the proper mode of cooking cabbage, and states that the best mode of doing it is to cut up the cabbage and boil it in a bag. In this way it is said to be made more palatable and tender.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

NOTICE.

Back numbers of THE POST, containing the early chapters of "THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS," can be supplied to January 4th.

We are indebted to our old friends for the renewal of their subscriptions, and for the new subscribers whom they have induced to send in their names.

For the warm words of praise with which many of our old subscribers have accompanied the renewal of their subscriptions, we are also grateful. Few things in this world are pleasanter than to have our labors appreciated.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The first two readings of Mr. Dickens, on Monday and Tuesday of last week, were attended by an excellent representation of the intellect and culture of Philadelphia.

Mr. Dickens's reception by his audience seemed to us rather cool than otherwise, though this was partly owing to his tripping in very quickly, and beginning his reading before everybody was well aware of it. It may also be partly attributed to the natural manner of our people, who seem to be very much afraid lest they should compromise their reputation for solidity of judgment and critical discrimination by applauding in advance of the performance. There is more over a large infusion of Quaker blood in the more intellectual classes of Philadelphia; and of all audiences to drive a reader or speaker distracted, with their icy coldness and want of demonstrative enthusiasm, commend us to one made up of the sober members of the highly respectable society of Friends. As Mr. Dickens progressed, however, with his reading, the audience thawed out somewhat, and laughed and applauded in a hearty and genial manner. While on the second reading, although made up in a large degree of different material, responded to the pathos and humor of the reader.

On these two evenings, Mr. Dickens read *The Christmas Carol*, *The Trial in Pickwick*, an abstract of *David Copperfield*, and *Bob Sawyer's Dinner Party*.

Mr. Dickens's ordinary tone, that which he employs for the narrative portion of his readings, is not an unusually good one. We have heard numerous persons who could read a simple poem or narrative quite as well as he does. His voice is not remarkably clear or powerful—though stronger than we had expected from certain criticisms.

It is in the dramatic portions of his readings that Mr. Dickens's power as a reader is made manifest. He assumes each character as a distinct existence, and is able to command that variety in his tones, expression and gestures, which gives a distinct and appropriate voice and manner to his chief personages.

This faculty is an unusual one. Few readers can command for instance more than three or four distinct voices; the majority of readers perhaps not more than two. But Mr. Dickens has, we judge, at least ten to twelve distinct voices. Thus there was in *David Copperfield*, *Peggotty*, Mrs. Gummidge, *Steerforth*, *Micawber*, and Mrs. Micawber, in addition to *David* himself, to represent whom the natural tone was used.

And yet neither of the above voices could be confounded for a moment with that of the Judge in the *Pickwick* trial—which is a great success—or with Mr. Wicket, or Sergeant Buzzer, or *Emu* Tins, or *Bob Cratchett*, or *Scrooge*.

Sauvageur did not strike us as altogether a success. Perhaps we expected too much from *Sauvageur*. Neither did Mr. *Pickwick*, for which we were very sorry. We wished much to meet these two gentlemen—but though others may have recognized them very plainly, we regret to say that we did not.

We do not think it a good policy for those who attend these readings, to refresh their memories by a previous perusal of the stories which are to be read. He that has never read them at all, will, we think, enjoy the readings the most. A witness that one knows by heart, will fall upon the ear a little robbed of its own, even from the lips of the best reader or speaker. And enjoyment, and not mere criticism, should be the main purpose of every audience.

And therefore we hope that after these readings are over, Mr. Dickens will prepare some short stories expressly for readers—stories that shall not be published at all. Such readings would have a life and soul that the present cannot possibly have. Of course a great treat to have such a thing as the *Trial in Pickwick* read in a crowded audience of intelligent people for the first time. What laughter, what enthusiasm, what spontaneous applause! And such pathetic passages in those in the *Chronicles* and *David Copperfield*, how the hearts of a great audience would melt and flow together beneath the power of that sympathy which makes the whole world kin! Will not Mr. Dickens give us one such original reading, if only an hour long? That would be a treat to remember to one's dying day, taking its natural place among the noblest recollections we have of oratory, or poetry, or devotional fervor.

MORE OF IT.

New Jersey Ball, not succeeding in establishing his claim to Florence Percy's "Rock Me to Sleep" by his pamphlet, recently came out in six or seven tremendously solid columns of one of the New York dailies, in further vindication of his claim. The article is so long, and dull, and heavy, that

he who tries to read it through will not be apt to want Ball or anybody else to "rock him to sleep."

If Ball would stop his "rolling on" in that direction, and set about writing half-a-dozen poems one-half as good as the one he claims, people might then believe a little more in him. As it is, all the argument in the world will avail nothing, because Florence Percy has, and he has not, written other poetry equally good.

Suppose two of Ball's journeymen should each lay claim to having made a certain saddle of very fine workmanship—one of them being notoriously a first-class hand, and the other a tenth-rate bungler—would it take Ball five minutes to decide which of the two should have the credit and the cash? What would you care, Ball, for the longest certificates from the friends of Bungle, telling how they had seen him "working on that ere saddle five and twenty years ago." You would simply say to him, "Bungle, you know you could not make a saddle like that to save your life. Saddles are not lucky chances—but the man who can make one good saddle can make another."

Ball, ideas are as difficult to fashion properly as leather. A bungler can no more make a fine poem by a happy inspiration, than a fine saddle.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

For five hundred and forty miles west from Omaha, and from the banks of the Missouri River to within ten miles of the summit of the Black Hills, (the highest point of the Rocky Mountains crossed by the road), the Union Pacific Railroad has been completed and equipped. So rapidly has this work been accomplished that the readers of our newspapers have hardly kept pace with its advance, and those who may have failed to see any of the recent reports will be amazed at the fact that forty miles of road have been built and opened within about two months, in spite of all the obstacles of frost and snow, which would effectually block all ordinary railway constructive work. Money, energetically and judiciously expended, has built and equipped this national railroad with a rapidity previously unknown. Settlers, traders and mechanics have closely followed the pioneer of the locomotive, and cities numbering thousands of inhabitants now greet the eye of the traveler, where, until the construction of the road, there was no hamlet, or even an emigrant's cabin. The work of further construction will not be suspended even during the winter months, but in the rock-cuttings of the mountains beyond the present terminus, the pick and the drill will be actively employed until the time shall come when further track laying will be practicable. The extent to which the securities of this Railroad Company have been taken during the past few months by the people of every section of the country, prove the widespread interest felt in its prosecution and completion, and also the popular faith in the commercial greatness of the enterprise; and the coming year's reports of the mineral and agricultural production of the great Western Territories will show that the advances made in aid of its construction by the general government have been a true public economy.

The California mails and passengers have already been carried through to New York and Philadelphia in fifteen days, and it is expected that during the coming season the regular time will be reduced to nine days, and that more than half the Pacific coast travel will take this route. Instead of the long, tedious journey of twenty-two to twenty-four days by sea. The intervening stage trip between the two ends of the Pacific Railroad line will be but a romantic holiday excursion, and we have no doubt that the passenger traffic in that direction this year will be a full earnest of the immense business that must follow the completion of the work perhaps two years later.

We need see no reason to doubt that this greatest of modern works will go on as vigorously as it has been begun, and that 1870 will see the two sides of the Republic for the first time really united, to be, let us hope, forever inseparable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DAVIS. Published by Adams & Co., Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Piche, Philadelphia. A novel, we judge, which claims to be somewhat of the "progressive" school—but we have not had time to do more than glance at it.

LEOPOLD FROM KENTUCKY. By PETER LEOPOLD V. NASH, P. M. at Gouffert & Sons, Vinton. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

PEOPLE'S EDITION. With Illustrations. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price \$1.50, in cloth. One of the best of Dickens's novels.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also by G. W. Piche, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

AMERICAN NOTES. Published by Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Piche, Philadelphia. Price 15 cents.

NAPOLÉON AND BUCHER. An Historical Novel. By E. M. BUCHER, author of the "Daughter of an Emperor," &c. Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Piche, Philadelphia. Price \$2.00, in cloth.

HARD TIMES. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price, in paper, 25 cents.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for February, Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A raw Irishman, just over, went into a restaurant, and was asked by the waiter what he would have? "Why, something to eat, as you say," was the reply. A plate of hash was placed before him. "Fet's that?" demanded he. "That's wittles," was the answer. He eyed the compound suspiciously for some time, and finally exclaimed: "Be jabers, the man that chow'd that can eat it!"

Telegraph operators are generally married men. They marry in order to disburden their minds of the dreadful gossip and news, the weight of which would else soon drive them to suicide.

Life in India.

Scinde has a most unenviable reputation for snakes; it is computed that eight or ten persons are killed every week by the bites of these loathsome reptiles, but—if this is to be of any importance—they are commonly natives; the Europeans do not go into the by-places where the natives go, nor do they attempt the particular work that they do, and are differently lodged. One of the chiefs on the Scinde railway, who was in charge of the Kurrachee district—and the Kurrachee, as is well known, is the chief port of Scinde—informed me that at the beginning of the rainy season the snakes were so numerous that although he confined his walks to the road in the vicinity of the town, he was obliged to carry a long stick with which to throw them out of his way; these were not, of course, all venomous serpents.

We seldom speak to a man who has passed any considerable time in India, who has not, on at least one occasion, seen a snake in his bed-room, which is not very much to be wondered at, seeing that the warmth of the clothes must be very attractive to the reptiles. Three or four instances have come to my own knowledge where the cobra has been found under a pillow on which a man has been sleeping all night. It is but seldom, however, that a sleeping man is bitten by the reptile; and, indeed, the snakes, if more deadly, do not bite a fourth of the number that are bitten by scorpions, which latter are a perfect curse. It is hardly worth while to expatiate upon the miseries caused by the insect plagues of the tropics, but Anglo-Indians lay far greater stress on these than on the danger from reptiles.

Some of the incidents related are positively horrible. A lady told me that her husband, a surgeon, died in one of those short illnesses so characteristic of the tropics; he felt unwell in the morning, and before sundown was a corpse. His widow, a mere girl, could not believe that he was dead, and refused to leave him, frantically expressing to the doctor her disbelief. Her husband had not been dead many minutes when this occurred, and the surgeon, pointing to the floor, said, "My dear Mrs. —, if you persist in doubting me, look there," and by some mysterious instinct a broad column of ants had scented the room of death, and tens of thousands of them were already within the door, and scaling the rude couch on which lay the so lately living man.

In speaking of snakes, I am reminded of an anecdote I once heard of the wife of an Indian railway official, who was trimming with a large knife some plants which formed a border to a flower-bed. She was cutting the tops off, and while so engaged she was seized by the coils of one of the most deadly serpents of the country amongst the leaves. With a loud shriek she dropped the knife and the plants, and a man employed in the garden ran to her assistance. On hearing the cause of her alarm, he sought to kill the snake with the hoe; the creature was plainly to be seen writhing about, but, although struck, it made no effort to escape or turn on its assailant. At last it lay motionless, and the gardener ventured to pick it up, when he found it was headless. The horror of the lady, the head was discovered among the leaves which she had thrown down on seeing the snake; she had grasped it unconsciously among the tops of the plants, and with her garden-knife had severed it from the body. The bite of that species of snake was usually fatal in six hours.

Of course, the interior of a large city is freer from reptiles than is the lonely, uncultivated village; but even in cities it is not uncommon, after a storm of rain, to see a cobra twisting in the flooded gutters; which same is a very suggestive fact, and not a pleasant one. If only one venomous serpent were known to be at large in, we will say, Hyde Park, what terror and consternation would pervade the west of London; yet let it be a common thing that such creatures should infest the place for a few years, and no one shall trouble himself about it.

One gentleman had a very narrow escape, the particulars of which I learned from himself. He was about to remove from one inland station to another—not railway stations these, although, I may observe, he was a surveyor—and his trunk was packed up. These were removed to a sort of shed, awaiting the bullocks, which were to take them on, when it struck him that a small one was insufficiently corded. He lifted it, and saw that one prith of the cord had come off. It was twilight, which is equivalent to saying it was almost dark, and he could just see the cord lying on the spot from which he had taken the box. He stooped to pick it up, but as he did so, the supposed cord reared itself in the hideous curve of the cobra, and threw back its head. The surveyor leapt desperately aside, just as the creature launched itself at him. Not all the medicines in the world could have given him twenty-four hours' life had he been a yard closer to the line of its spring. He snatched a steel-pointed rod which he used in his profession, and stretched the snake with a broken back upon the floor. It was believed that the cobra had dropped from the low roof on to the trunk, and had then crept under it. It was a long time ere my informant could speak calmly of this incident.

The crew of a man-of-war once saw a comet, and were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance. The hands met, and appointed a committee to wait on the commandant to ask his opinion of it. They approached him, and said, "We want to ask your opinion, your honor." "Well, my boys, what is it about?" "We want to inquire about that thing up there." "Now, before I answer you, first let me know what you think it is." "Well, your honor, we have talked it over, and we think it is a star spring a-leak."

The tobacco chewer is said to be like a goose in a Dutch oven—always on a spit.

It is said that the practice of decorating churches and homes with evergreens at Christmas, originated with the Druids.

One of the beauties of the Court of Frederick the Great said to the King:—"Sire, how is that you, who are so glorious already, still seek for new fame?"—"Madame," he replied, "for the same reason that you, although so beautiful, still wear rouge."

Janus, for whom January is named, was a two-faced god, who looked before and backward—a fit emblem of this season of anticipation and retrospection.

in the 10th instant, JOHN ALGER BODGARD, in his 10th year, and in the 10th instant, PETER T. WILLIAMS, in his 10th year, and in the 9th instant, LOUISE C., eldest daughter of J. A. GARDNER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Splendid Inducements for 1898.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called—

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS, by Mrs. Margaret Holmes, author of "The Mortal Sin," etc.

We shall follow Mrs. Holmes's story with **TRYING THE WORLD**, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Candida," etc., and

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, by Elizabeth Prentiss, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Rule," etc.

Besides our original stories, we give **THE GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES**, and also the **NEWS OF THE WEEK**, **AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES**, **WIT AND HUMOR**, **RIDDLES**, **THE MARKETS**, etc., etc.

PREMIUMS. Various Premiums, from Penicils to Sewing Machines, including Books, and Silver Plated ware, are given to those getting up Premium Lists. A list of articles, terms, etc., will be sent to any one desiring of getting up a Premium List upon application by letter, including postage stamp.

THE SEWING MACHINE. Premium. For 30 subscribers at \$2.50 apiece, or for 20 subscribers and \$50, we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price \$55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent.

Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays \$2.50, will get the large Premium Steel Engraving of "Washington at Mount Vernon," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Event in his History," as he may prefer.

Our PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS. For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the splendid portrait of Washington, engraved from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hickey, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, or one of "Edmund Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred, will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a cash order. It will not be sent to club subscribers, unless they send one dollar extra.

TERMS. Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND. In order that the club and the Premiumist may be made up of the purest and Premiumist-composition when combined—and are as follows:

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving) \$2.00. Clubs: Two copies \$3.10; Four copies \$5.10; Five and one grand \$8.10; Eight copies and one grand \$12.10; Twelve and one grand \$18.10. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND \$1.

Every person getting up either of the above clubs will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in British North America must remit by cash order extra as we have to pay the 18% postage.

The magazine or papers in a club will be sent to different Post offices if desired.

The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post office, county, and State. If possible, please enclose a Post-office order or Philadelphia. If a Post-office order cannot be had, pay a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Company, unless you pay their charges.

Specimen numbers of THE POST are sent on receipt of five cents.

Address: HENRY PETERSON & CO., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

An Adroit Swordsman.

Pulaski, as it is well known, was an adroit and a swordsman as he was perfect in his command, and he ever rode a powerful and fleet charger. During the retreat of the American army from the New Jersey, in the darkest hour of our national history, Pulaski was, with a small party of horsemen, pursued by a large body of British cavalry, the leader of which was a good horseman, and mounted nearly as well as Pulaski. Pulaski rode in the rear of his detachment, and the British captain in front of them he commanded.

The morning sun was shining brightly, casting oblique shadows, and as the pursued party entered a long, narrow lane, Pulaski, having satisfied himself of the superior speed and command of his horse over that of his pursuer, slackened his pace and kept his horse to the side of the lane furthest from the sun. The pursuing officer came up to him, but he did not wish to pursue the subject any farther.

Sarah understood, and went, but came back again, saying, "I was going to take the pigeon pie to-day."

"Yes, very good; it will do nicely," said Mr. Dovedale; with indignant briskness, adding, "it will be just the kind of dinner to fortify me for my walk."

"But the oven," said Sarah, seizing the cue thus inopportunely given; "I can't get that oven hot enough to bake that pie by half past two; it's impossible."

Mr. Dovedale glanced at the time, and gave a shrewd guess at what made it impossible, but only replied—

"Well, what you can get ready to do, for I must not wait beyond half past two, even for a pigeon pie."

Sarah slowly, reluctantly retreated. Her master did not consider himself quite safe till a minute or two had elapsed, and then he unfolded his newspaper and said, with a smile, "I shall have the pigeon pie."

And so he had; for, having punished him for changing the hour, and exposing himself to the danger of indigestion by the threat, the housekeeper took the oven in hand, and soon convinced it that the pie was to be baked. An hour after it had been served up, Mr. Dovedale was walking with a firm, quick step, stick in hand, gaitered and water-

proofed, along the streets of London. As his errand was a charitable one, and his own means were appropriated almost to the extent of his power before the year began (that is, he planned out all he could spare for the year in January into certain channels, leaving little for chance charities), he determined, for the purpose of increasing his funds, to call on a few friends in his way to the house of sorrow whither he had been invited.

"Thirty-two! yes, thirty-two," he said, knocking at the door of a handsome house. "Is Mrs. Wickwork at home?"

"Yes, sir," said the footman, and led the way to the receiving-room.

By the side of a brilliant fire, surrounded by bright steel in every direction, on the surface of which its reflections danced, sat a lady past the middle age, but not much. She wore a widow's dress. She was pale and serious-looking. She had a book in her hand. Her chair was softly cushioned, and on the rich rug and embroidered stool supported her feet.

"Ah! Mr. Dovedale! this is indeed kind. It is a treat I didn't expect," she exclaimed, half rising as her visitor entered the room.

"I am afraid it is a long time since I was here," he said; "but you are rather out of my mind. I'm glad to see you looking pretty well. Your room is a vast improvement on out-of-doors; such a fog—you can see it, my housekeeper says; it is a real wet blanket in your face—chills you, chokes you, and smothers you all at the same time."

Mrs. Wickwork languidly smiled, and shook her head, and sighed. "I'm sure I don't know what should make me look well," she said; "I have suffered much since I saw you."

"Indeed! Anything—?" fresh Mr. Dovedale would have said, but he didn't like to do it except by shooting up his eyebrows in an inquiring manner.

"What new sorrow do I want?" asked the lady, the tears slowly filling her eyes; "it is just six months to-day since—"

Mr. Dovedale saw the white handkerchief on his way to her face. He heartily wished he had known the day of Mr. Wickwork's demise, and had called the next day, or day after; however, he kept silent until he thought she was calm, and then said gently, "There are privileges attached to sorrow, and when the severity of the blow is past we are able to consider them, to—"

"To enjoy them," he would have said, but he didn't like to say so much in the presence of a widow's tears, and so he couldn't think of a better, he subsided into a cough.

"The severity of an affliction like mine cannot pass. I can never suffer less," said Mrs. Wickwork.

Mr. Dovedale was very sorry, and he said so. He said more; he added that if the suffering did not grow less the consolation might increase, which would, of course, effectually diminish its amount.

"What consolation?" asked the lady; "here I am alone, without an object in life I had almost said—no heart to rejoice in, no hand to lean on."

Mr. Dovedale almost fancied that statement had found so poetical a description of her own in the book she had been reading. His heart grew colder and colder towards her. He said, in a tone getting quite out of the ordinary in which sympathy is usually expressed, "I am surprised, my good friend, to hear you ask such a question. There are *reflex* and *great* consolations in Christianity, and I always considered you as a professor of it."

"Oh, if it were not for that I could not bear up as I do," said the lady.

"But, having that, you will surely learn to bear up better. Remember, my friend, how many are suffering under a similar bereavement, with the additional distress of poverty to embitter it. Now here you are surrounded with ease, and comfort, and even luxury; yes, luxury," he added, as he glanced round the room. "You are without a single care beyond that of your own personal health and enjoyment."

"Ah! there it is! You have touched the secret spring of my deepest grief," exclaimed Mrs. Wickwork; and to her companion's dismay up went the pocket-handkerchief again. If he had but known where that spring had lain, he would never have touched it.

You may suppose what a treasure my Lavinia would have been if she had remained to cheer me."

"Ah, well, you know her marriage was considered a happy one, and her going to India with her husband was to be expected. Have you heard lately?" said Mr. Dovedale, hoping to turn the conversation into a more cheerful channel.

"No; and what has detained the mails so long I cannot think—some accident perhaps; once, you know, all the letters were lost; and really to be kept in the agonies of suspense continually is very trying."

"Very, but Colonel Wood will have his furlough soon, won't he? and then you will have him home, that will be very cheering."

"Very, when they come on account of his health; it is most precarious; perhaps he will have to throw up his appointment, I shouldn't wonder."

It was like walking blindfold over red-hot ploughshares, Mr. Dovedale didn't know where to set his foot; he determined to "touch no more springs," so suddenly looking down on the rug, he declared it was the softest, richest, warmest-looking thing of the kind he had ever seen.

Mrs. Wickwork replied that she had been disappointed in the wearing of it; it easily soiled, and the pile was not sufficiently elastic.

"How well it matches the carpet!" said Mr. Dovedale.

"You surprise me," said the lady; "there is no orange in the carpet, and it is the prevailing color in the rug. I did not choose it—I trusted to others."

"Well, you've got contrast at least," said Mr. Dovedale, rising. "I must go. I am going to see a poor lady who is in very straitened circumstances, and very delicate health—a widow with a large family to provide for."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Wickwork, shaking her head.

"I am not able to do much for her myself," he continued.

"I'm sure you will do all you can; but one cannot, really, help everybody as one would wish to do," said the lady, her voice growing stronger, and her looks more alive.

"No, one cannot; but a poor sickly widow, with six orphans to maintain," said Mr. Dovedale.

"Shocking, indeed; but there are so many public charities, I subscribe to one or two."

Mr. Dovedale felt sure it was to one.

THE VICTIM.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

I.

A plague upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thence and byre arose in fire,
For on them broke the sudden foe;
So thick they stood the people cried
"The gods are moved against the land,"
The priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.
"Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer,)
We give you life life."

II.

But still the foe man spoiled and burned,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turned
And whittened all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame;
And ever and aye the Priesthood moaned,
Till at last it seemed that an answer came:
"The King is happy
In child and wife,
Take you his nearest,
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life."

III.

The Priest went out by path and hill,
The King was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seemed a victim due to the Priest.
The Priest exulted,
And cried with joy,
"Here is his nearest,
Here is his dearest,
We take the boy."

IV.

The King returned from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said, "They have taken the child
To spill his blood and bend the land;
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea.
The holy gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life,
Is he your nearest?
Is he your dearest?
(Answer, O answer,)
Or I, the wife?"

V.

The King bent low with hand on brow,
He stayed his arms upon his knee;
"O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me."
The King was shaken with holy fear;
"The gods," he said, "would have chosen
well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell."
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won,
"We have his nearest,
We have his dearest,
His only son!"

VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife arising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
"Me, me, not him, my darling, no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him broke the wife,
And shrieking "I am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest!" rushed on the knife,
And the Priest was happy;
"Oh, Father Odin,
We give you a life,
Which was his nearest?
Which was his dearest?
The gods have answered,
We give thee his wife!"

THE THREE WIDOWS.

"Very sad! very sad, indeed!" said Mr. Dovedale; "why was I not applied to sooner?" and giving orders for his long gaiters and water proof coat, he told his housekeeper that he must have an early dinner, for he had a very long walk before him that afternoon.

"Will you not have a conveyance of some kind, sir?" he never suited you to walk directly after eating."

"No, thank you, Sarah; I cannot very well drive today. It won't hurt me for once," he said, looking away from her, for he hoped she would take the hint and go, as he did not wish to pursue the subject any farther.

Sarah understood, and went, but came back again, saying, "I was going to take the pigeon pie to-day."

"Yes, very good; it will do nicely," said Mr. Dovedale; with indignant briskness, adding, "it will be just the kind of dinner to fortify me for my walk."

"But the oven," said Sarah, seizing the cue thus inopportunely given; "I can't get that oven hot enough to bake that pie by half past two; it's impossible."

Mr. Dovedale glanced at the time, and gave a shrewd guess at what made it impossible, but only replied—

"Well, what you can get ready to do, for I must not wait beyond half past two, even for a pigeon pie."

Sarah slowly, reluctantly retreated. Her master did not consider himself quite safe till a minute or two had elapsed, and then he unfolded his newspaper and said, with a smile, "I shall have the pigeon pie."

And so he had; for, having punished him for changing the hour, and exposing himself to the danger of indigestion by the threat, the housekeeper took the oven in hand, and soon convinced it that the pie was to be baked. An hour after it had been served up, Mr. Dovedale was walking with a firm, quick step, stick in hand, gaitered and water-

proofed, along the streets of London. As his errand was a charitable one, and his own means were appropriated almost to the extent of his power before the year began (that is, he planned out all he could spare for the year in January into certain channels, leaving little for chance charities), he determined, for the purpose of increasing his funds, to call on a few friends in his way to the house of sorrow whither he had been invited.

"Thirty-two! yes, thirty-two," he said, knocking at the door of a handsome house. "Is Mrs. Wickwork at home?"

"Yes, sir," said the footman, and led the way to the receiving-room.

By the side of a brilliant fire, surrounded by bright steel in every direction, on the surface of which its reflections danced, sat a lady past the middle age, but not much. She wore a widow's dress. She was pale and serious-looking. She had a book in her hand. Her chair was softly cushioned, and on the rich rug and embroidered stool supported her feet.

"Ah! Mr. Dovedale! this is indeed kind. It is a treat I didn't expect," she exclaimed, half rising as her visitor entered the room.

"I am afraid it is a long time since I was here," he said; "but you are rather out of my mind. I'm glad to see you looking pretty well. Your room is a vast improvement on out-of-doors; such a fog—you can see it, my housekeeper says; it is a real wet blanket in your face—chills you, chokes you, and smothers you all at the same time."

Mrs. Wickwork languidly smiled, and shook her head, and sighed. "I'm sure I don't know what should make me look well," she said; "I have suffered much since I saw you."

"Indeed! Anything—?" fresh Mr. Dovedale would have said, but he didn't like to do it except by shooting up his eyebrows in an inquiring manner.

"What new sorrow do I want?" asked the lady, the tears slowly filling her eyes; "it is just six months to-day since—"

Mr. Dovedale saw the white handkerchief on his way to her face. He heartily wished he had known the day of Mr. Wickwork's demise, and had called the next day, or day after; however, he kept silent until he thought she was calm, and then said gently, "There are privileges attached to sorrow, and when the severity of the blow is past we are able to consider them, to—"

"To enjoy them," he would have said, but he didn't like to say so much in the presence of a widow's tears, and so he couldn't think of a better, he subsided into a cough.

"The severity of an affliction like mine cannot pass. I can never suffer less," said Mrs. Wickwork.

Mr. Dovedale was very sorry, and he said so. He said more; he added that if the suffering did not grow less the consolation might increase, which would, of course, effectually diminish its amount.

"What consolation?" asked the lady; "here I am alone, without an object in life I had almost said—no heart to rejoice in, no hand to lean on."

Mr. Dovedale almost fancied that statement had found so poetical a description of her own in the book she had been reading. His heart grew colder and colder towards her. He said, in a tone getting quite out of the ordinary in which sympathy is usually expressed, "I am surprised, my good friend, to hear you ask such a question. There are *reflex* and *great* consolations in Christianity, and I always considered you as a professor of it."

"Oh, if it were not for that I could not bear up as I do," said the lady.

"But, having that, you will surely learn to bear up better. Remember, my friend, how many are suffering under a similar bereavement, with the additional distress of poverty to embitter it. Now here you are surrounded with ease, and comfort, and even luxury; yes, luxury," he added, as he glanced round the room. "You are without a single care beyond that of your own personal health and enjoyment."

"Ah! there it is! You have touched the secret spring of my deepest grief," exclaimed Mrs. Wickwork; and to her companion's dismay up went the pocket-handkerchief again. If he had but known where that spring had lain, he would never have touched it.

You may suppose what a treasure my Lavinia would have been if she had remained to cheer me."

"Ah, well, you know her marriage was considered a happy one, and her going to India with her husband was to be expected. Have you heard lately?" said Mr. Dovedale, hoping to turn the conversation into a more cheerful channel.

"No; and what has detained the mails so long I cannot think—some accident perhaps; once, you know, all the letters were lost; and really to be kept in the agonies of suspense continually is very trying."

"Very, but Colonel Wood will have his furlough soon, won't he? and then you will have him home, that will be very cheering."

"Very, when they come on account of his health; it is most precarious; perhaps he will have to throw up his appointment, I shouldn't wonder."

It was like walking blindfold over red-hot ploughshares, Mr. Dovedale didn't know where to set his foot; he determined to "touch no more springs," so suddenly looking down on the rug, he declared it was the softest, richest, warmest-looking thing of the kind he had ever seen.

Mrs. Wickwork replied that she had been disappointed in the wearing of it; it easily soiled, and the pile was not sufficiently elastic.

"How well it matches the carpet!" said Mr. Dovedale.

"You surprise me," said the lady; "there is no orange in the carpet, and it is the prevailing color in the rug. I did not choose it—I trusted to others."

"Well, you've got contrast at least," said Mr. Dovedale, rising. "I must go. I am going to see a poor lady who is in very straitened circumstances, and very delicate health—a widow with a large family to provide for."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Wickwork, shaking her head.

"I am not able to do much for her myself," he continued.

"I'm sure you will do all you can; but one cannot, really, help everybody as one would wish to do," said the lady, her voice growing stronger, and her looks more alive.

"No, one cannot; but a poor sickly widow, with six orphans to maintain," said Mr. Dovedale.

"Shocking, indeed; but there are so many public charities, I subscribe to one or two."

Mr. Dovedale felt sure it was to one.

"I shall see about it," he replied; "I shall see about it."

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"I shall see about it," he replied; "I shall see about it."

"I shall see about it," he replied; "I shall see about it."

"I shall see about it," he replied; "I shall see about it."

the coast cleared, the pretty boy took his hat from him with a respectful courteous air, and a third time he found himself seated by a fire-side.

There was no soft rug with discolored pile, no shining steel for the fire to dance in; indeed, the fire seemed more inclined to go to sleep than to dance; but the grate was clean, and if it had not been such a cold, dark day, it would have looked cheerful enough.

Mrs. Mayblossom apologized with easy grace for the full occupation of the room. "We have visitors so seldom," she said, "that we are not prepared for them; indeed, we could not very well be so. We are a large party with little space." As she spoke the work was gathered into a large basket of an ornamental kind, and the books were put into their places on the stand, and everything looked right and orderly.

Mr. Dovedale couldn't open his mission before the young people. He introduced himself as having been a little acquainted with the late Captain Mayblossom, whose name he hardly liked to pronounce, since the widow's weeds had only just been assumed.

Mrs. Mayblossom fixed her eyes on him as he spoke, and said with calm tenderness, "You knew him? then you loved him; everybody who knew him loved him."

Mr. Dovedale felt relieved by her quietude, and answered that his knowledge had been very slight; he added, with embarrassment, that he had heard some particulars of his long illness and death that morning, and had called to make a few inquiries about it. As he spoke he glanced significantly at the young people, who, without a word from their mother, took the hint and left the room one by one till he was alone with the widow.

"You wished to hear of my beloved husband's death," she said, when they had closed the door; "but I cannot describe to you the peace and joy of his last moments—his last moments, of the whole of his illness; but the last was the seal of the whole; not a doubt, not a care, not a fear."

Mrs. Mayblossom spoke with animation; her face, very pale before, glowed, and her eyes brightened—there was an expression of happiness in her countenance that almost seemed like a smile. Mr. Dovedale was very much struck. He expressed his satisfaction that such was the case, and hoped he was not intruding on her grief, so very recent, assuring her he came from no motive of idle curiosity, but simply to know the truth and to act upon it. Mrs. Mayblossom replied that it was not really recent; she had been looking for his loss too long to feel it a shock, "and seeing him after so long a trial of suffering sink peacefully into rest—real rest in the arms of his Saviour—was more than payment for all."

"But your loss is great," said Mr. Dovedale.

"Loss! it is beyond loss," she said, with some emotion. "I have parted with myself, and yet we were so completely one that I cannot feel separated. I cannot bring him down here (nor would I), but I can follow him in the contemplation of that Saviour whose love he rested in; I am again with him; his memory is identified with his hopes of rest and happiness."

"This is a widow," thought Mr. Dovedale.

Mrs. Mayblossom now entered into some details descriptive of her husband's faith, and illustrative of the good hand of God on him and on her—showing how they were helped, how they were cheered, supported, taught, in short, how that dark season had been continually brightened by heavenly light.

Mr. Dovedale listened with deep interest; she did not cease till she was wearied with talking; then her cheek grew pale and languid, but there was the same serenity in her face.

"We certainly ought to exercise more faith," he said; "but had he no drawback with respect to your ability to provide for your family?"

"He thought gravely, but not sorrowfully for it; he committed us to our covenant God, who has told us to cast all burthens on Him."

"Yes, but you see, my dear friend, there are certain matters of fact that had not been attended to; God does not work miracles. Pardon me, he does!" said the widow, smiling; "I see it daily."

Mr. Dovedale smiled too, for he knew what she meant.

"I could tell you of innumerable mercies, every one a miracle, that have been showered down on me since I have been in need. The Lord has graciously led me, I may say, by sight, not by faith, for I do so plainly see His hand in all, that to fear for anything would be foolishly perverse. No, no, I know His love; He will provide—He does! He will to the end!"

There was no excitement in Mrs. Mayblossom's manner, but a quiet firmness which gave an air of reality to what she said.

"That is a fine youth that opened the door; is he—have you settled anything for him?" Mr. Dovedale inquired, after a pause.

"Alack," replied the widow, with a sweet smile, "he is a comfort to me beyond description. He is very desirous of entering the army. As yet, he is too young to take any active step. We shall see. I am teaching him all I can with his sisters, and when Parker, my eldest boy is at home, he helps him."

"What are you doing with him?" asked Mr. Dovedale.

"Nothing," said the widow, smiling; "that is one of my miracles. His uncle has taken upon himself his whole education for the army—very kind of him—but, indeed, all Captain Mayblossom's friends have shown sympathy, according to what they saw right and just, towards their own families. I was a poor orphan without a relative on whom I had any claim."

"And your daughters?" asked Mr. Dovedale.

"Marion, the eldest, is going as nursery governess to her aunt. She is superior to the situation, but I consider it a great blessing for her to go among very young children, whom she will find less difficulty in training in the right way—a way in which she has consistently walked for three years past. The same sweet smile came over Mrs. Mayblossom's face as she spoke."

"And the others?" asked Mr. Dovedale.

"The others will remain with me till the hand of God moves them. I can bring them

on in all that I know myself. I am not anxious about that."

"But your health?" said Mr. Dovedale, looking as he spoke on her bending figure and thin, pale face.

"I am stronger than I seem—not very strong—but since I have had more to do I think my health is better. I am not at all afraid. As my day my strength will be."

"I am afraid," said Mr. Dovedale, glancing round the little room, "your circumstances must be rather straitened."

"Oh yes, very poor," said the widow, "but I consider that I am like people who have money in the bank, and never keep much in the house; when they want it, they go to the bank and get it. Don't misunderstand me," she added quickly, noticing Mr. Dovedale's look of surprise; "I don't believe the Lord will supply my fancied wants, only my real ones. I have a settled income, slender indeed, but sufficient unless any extraordinary call should arise; and for any such real call I know He will provide."

"Is there any such pressing on you now?" asked Mr. Dovedale, gently. "You may feel sure I have but one object in asking."

Mrs. Mayblossom looked at him a moment; her eye brightened. She went to her desk on the table, and took out a long blue paper, which to any practised eye would have declared itself a bill. "This came in a week ago," she said. "I had no knowledge of the debt, my dear husband must have forgotten it. The death of the man has obliged his widow to call in all her money. I have pleaded for time, that I might be able by self-denial to save the money, unless help to pay the demand came."

"You may plead the Statute of Limitations," said Mr. Dovedale, looking at the bill, which was for part of an outfit, and came to £19 17s. 6d.

"It is a heavy sum," exclaimed Mrs. Mayblossom; "but the debt is a just one, no doubt. Oh no, I shall be able to pay it in time; but this is just such a call as I alluded to."

Mr. Dovedale asked for pen and ink, and wrote a cheque for twenty pounds, which he handed to her, saying, "Now you will call this a miracle."

"Assuredly," said the widow, the tears rising to her eyes. "May He who sent you on this errand pay his messenger! He will!"

Mr. Dovedale felt that he had been amply paid by the lesson he had been taught. As he put his hand into his pocket for his gloves, he felt Mrs. Wickworth's half-crown. "Poor creature!" he inwardly ejaculated.

"So," he thought, as he walked home, "money, connections, comforts, what are they all to faith, living, practical faith? Those two widows are depending on mere streams: this one is at the fountain head. They may be disappointed at the drying up of their resources any moment—she, never."

Sarah was puzzled that evening by the abstraction of his manner, and she thought, as he read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, which he chose at prayer time, that he seemed to be reading it more to himself than to her, for he stopped continually as if reflecting on it; and so he was, for a new light had fallen on the page, the light of example, and he also remembered the words, "according to your faith be it unto you."

KISSING HER HAIR.

BY CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

Kissing her hair, I sat against her feet; Wove and unwove it—wound, and found it sweet:

Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eyes, Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim skies;

With her own tresses bound, and found her fair— Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me— Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea; What pain could get between my face and hers?

What new sweet thing would Love not relish worse? Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed me there— Kissing her hair.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TETE-A-TETE.

Before Androclus had finished his sitting, there came to him a message, delivered through the keyhole—for Woody valued his personal safety too highly to venture bodily into the sanctuary—which astonished that classic character almost as much as the magnanimity of the lion had surprised his prototype.

"Ma sends her compliments to Mr. Blake, and would he be so kind as to stay for a family dinner?"

"What?" screamed Claude, rushing to the door, and dragging his offspring in by the collar before he could make his escape. "How dare you play such tricks upon my friends? I'll teach you to make a gentleman an April fool a week after dates. Say it again, sir, and I'll shake your head off."

With this incentive to iteration before his eyes, it was not likely that Master Woodford would repeat his invitation in so many words.

"You needn't believe it," whined he in an abject tone; "it's nothing to me whether the gentleman stops or not. But that's what ma told me to say; and I saw her going to the cupboard for plums to put in the sweet-pudding, and turning up the bottle of whiskey, to see whether there was enough for two; and she said there was, if you would only take as much as was good for you."

Here Valentine Blake, hastened to interfere, lest condign punishment should be inflicted upon the artless youth, and bade him convey his respectful compliments to his mother, and the assurance that he would very gladly stay to dinner; a message, by-the-by, which was delivered in the following fashion: "All right, ma. I told you so, the model jumped at it."

But Mr. Murphy had entertained no idea of chastising his son. Once assured of the reality of the invitation from his wife, Claude had no thought for anything but that stupendous fact. "Blake," gasped he, as soon as they were left alone, "you're a good-looking fellow, but I could not have believed that Apollo himself would have achieved such a conquest. The wife of So-and-so should be above suspicion, but it is clear that Selina is enamored of you. Don't consider the philosopher, I beg; perhaps you may be even able to do him a good turn, by putting in a word about a latch-key. Dinner! why, nobody has been asked to dine here since my bachelor-days. Shade of Epicurus, there will be pickled onions with the cold beef! But Blake, Blake!"—here Mr. Murphy's voice sank to quite sepulchral tones—"beware of the wine called Port, which will be set upon the table after dinner. If it is a fresh bottle, it will be of that vintage imported from Africa's sunny strand at four-and-twenty shillings, bottles included; if it is a half-bottle, I know of an earwig that met his death in that at least three weeks ago. As for the whiskey, however, there is plenty of it down here, which Selina knows nothing about. See!"—Mr. Murphy disclosed a cupboard furnished with a false front of palettes and small pictures, behind which reposed several samples of Kinahan—"see how the wind (and likewise the cold water) is tempered to the shorn lamb!"

But Mr. Murphy was not destined to enjoy the evening with his new friend in the convivial manner he had reckoned upon. The dinner, however, which, to Mr. Blake, who had been accustomed to campaigning, seemed a very tolerable repast, went off with complete success, except for a perilous jest of Claude's, who, when the cold beef appeared, observed to his guest:

"There are just a pair of canvas-backed ducks, and you see your dinner."

"There are nothing of the sort," broke in Mrs. Murphy indignantly.

"It's a matter of opinion, my dear," returned the painter airily. "I was referring to my little pictures of *L'Allegro* and *Penseroso* on the wall yonder; very pretty girls, and generally accounted to be a pair of canvas-backed—"

"A little decorum, if you please, Mr. Murphy," broke in Selina. "Allow me to recommend you," Mr. Blake—since my husband forgets everything except his ill-timed jokes—to try a little of that Port wine. I should apologize for its having been opened, but you will find it none the worse for that; it is a wine that has got a great deal of body in it."

"It had, until she fished it out with her knitting needles," murmured the incorrigible Claude.

But quite as much to the surprise of his host as of his hostess, Valentine Blake replied with thanks that he took neither wine nor spirits—a circumstance in itself peculiar, but the result of which was absolutely unprecedented—for when Mrs. Murphy rose to depart, and Claude, with energetic politeness, sprang to the door to let her out, she expressed herself as follows:

"Since you do not indulge in fermented liquors, Mr. Blake, and my husband is never content without his glass of spirits and water after dinner, this seems as good an opportunity as any for our having a little private talk together upon a matter which affects our common interests. I dare say you would not object to give me half an hour of your society in the drawing-room."

Mr. Blake bowed profoundly. Claude Murphy's bright, brown eyes opened to their fullest extent, and his lips emitted a long, low whistle. Master Woodford, who was wallowing in the desert, hastily wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and prepared to migrate to the drawing-room, for secrets were even dearer to him than preserved ginger.

"No, Woody," said she, "you will keep father company; and if I catch you listening at the door, I'll box your ears."

Ground-floor and first-floor, in one and the same dwelling-house, surely never held a more ill-assorted pair, apiece, than did that dining-room and back drawing-room in Blakeland Street on the evening in question; the one containing Claude and his cub, the other Selina Murphy and her guest Valentine Blake. Between the former couple, there was little enough of talk; Claude sipped his whiskey and water, smiling to himself at the ludicrous behavior of Xanthippe, or regarding Master Woody with half-bitter derisive eyes, as that young gentleman roved from preserved ginger to danson cheese, like a horse which finds for the first time both bean-cake and corn-bin with their lids open.

"How very, very, sick you'll be, Woody!" was all the remonstrance that passed the parental lips.

"Yes, pa," replied the obsequious youth, helping himself to the last dregs of the last sweetmeat.

"You'll say it me, of course, when your mother asks what has become of the dessert?"

"Thank you, pa, I will," was the unexpectantly literal reply.

A very different sort of conversation was that which was going on above stairs.

"Mr. Valentine Blake," said Selina, as soon as she had closed the back drawing-room door, "I am well aware that my conduct must seem exceedingly strange, and to demand considerable explanation. My excuse must be, that in the matter about which I wish to speak with you—of vast importance in itself both to you and to me—there is not a day to be lost. And yet, before I begin to explain myself I require to be certified of the sort of man with whom I am about to deal. I do not ask for your history. I care not from whence you sprang, or in what you have been engaged; but I wish to hear from your own lips whether you possess the qualifications necessary for my purpose—which will, I promise you, if carried out, be greatly to your advantage. You have been a soldier, Mr. Blake, but are you a brave man? You have had soldiers under you; but have you a will of iron, so that when you say: 'Obey me, it is sure to be done?'"

"Madam," returned Valentine Blake, gravely, "as to my courage, it is not becoming in me to speak of that; but I have been the close companion through years of battle with the bravest man in the World.

As to my will, it has never failed to be obeyed, when I have had authority for its enforcement, notwithstanding that I have often had to deal with desperate and lawless men."

"Ah!" remarked Selina, with significance, "perhaps you yourself and the law were not always upon the same side?"

"I was always upon the side of Right, madam," replied the stranger, calmly, "which seems to me to be the highest law."

"Very good, sir; I meant no offence. It is upon the side of right"—here her cold eyes kindled, and her thin fingers closed together tightly—"that I require you now to serve. It may be, at a future time, I shall need your aid to redress a wrong."

"So far, madam," observed Valentine Blake, simply, "I think I may say that I have qualifications for the task you propose for me."

"You are friendless too, you tell me, sir," continued Selina, thoughtfully, "and have no relative with whom to gossip about other people's business through the post. That is also well."

The stranger smiled. "I mean, it is well for the prosecution of the matter that I have in my mind," explained his hostess, quite unabashed. "In business-matters, all sentiment is out of place; and I honestly tell you, that I am glad that you are a lonely man. If you were one like my husband, hand-in-glove with every specious fellow you came across, and 'hail follow-well meet' with every babbling drinker, you would not suit my plans. I dare say, if need were, now, you could keep a secret?"

"The lives of scores and scores of valiant men have more than once been preserved by my silence, madam, when the thumb-screw and the scourge in vain invited me to speak."

"I can believe it, sir," replied Selina, with enforced admiration. "You are one I do not doubt to stick to your colors; it is for that reason that I have chosen you to wear mine."

Valentine Blake bowed stiffly. "Madam, I have yet to learn the nature of the service you would impose upon me; except at sea, we rarely act under sealed orders."

"And you are very poor," continued Selina, musing, and without noticing his last remark. "That is well too. You would find it impossible to do that you are honest also. Nay, sir, I do not question it; whose honesty and self-interest pull the same way, there is no need to do so. You will get nothing by betraying me; you will indeed have nothing to betray; whereas, by being true, you will gain much."

"I shall be true, madam, never fear," observed the stranger, gravely. "But you have not yet mentioned the nature of the occupation."

"Let me first point out its advantages," resumed his hostess, quietly. "In the first place, you will gain your livelihood; you will have board and lodging and an ample income. That is something, is it not?"

"It is a great deal, madam, indeed. Forgive me, however, if I anticipate your proposition. I conclude that you are about to honor me with the offer of the post of tutor to your son. I regret to say I cannot accept that post. I do not intend to stay in town for any length of time."

"My son does not need a tutor, sir, his education being perfected," returned Selina stately; "and the situation which I am about to suggest for your acceptance is in the country—three hundred miles from London. You said that you had no objection to a private tutorship; you said that you could teach the rudiments of a commercial education. I am about to take you at your word. Now, look at this!" She pulled out from her pocket a newspaper, folded down so as to mark a particular advertisement, and placed it in his hands:

WANTED—A Resident Tutor for a Young Gentleman (aged 15) of staid habits, and whose education has been neglected. No person without decided capabilities for the office need apply. Some knowledge of commercial routine indispensable. Address Herbert Warton, Esq., Souththorpe, Cumberland.

CHAPTER XXII.

FRANK AND CONFIDENTIAL.

While Valentine Blake was making himself acquainted with the advertisement, which he did with considerable deliberation, Mrs. Murphy rose from her seat and paced the room, not from impatience of the delay, for she never even looked towards her companion, but for the sake of that relief which motion always seems to afford to the mind overcrowded with thoughts.

"Have you read it?" asked she at last, not stopping even then, although she threw one sharp glance at his face—"have you read it, and do you understand it?"

"Yes, madam," returned the young man slowly. "The paper is the *Commercial Times*; I see: a strange journal enough to find in an artist's drawing-room."

"What is that to you?" replied Selina sharply, and coming to a sudden halt. "However, if you want reasons, you shall have them. I do not my husband, thank you, but myself—I take that newspaper because it sometimes treats of matters in which I have a personal interest. It refers to property, now passed from me and mine, and which I once had reason to look upon as my own. It also often mentions by name a certain blood-relation."

"With whom, to use your own expressive words, perhaps you do not gossip through the post," returned the young man smiling.

"You are very right, sir," answered Mrs. Murphy coldly. "The person I refer to and myself are far from being upon good terms—he is my brother."

"The Mr. Herbert Warton here referred to, I suppose?"

"No. I have every reason to believe, however—indeed, I am positively certain—that the advertisement in question emanates from a member of my family, from my brother, perhaps, or, as is more likely, from here his features were contorted with a little spasmodic, and she jerked her words out one by one, as though each went high to choke her—"from my sister-in-law, Mr. Warton is a friend of theirs, and very likely to be their deliverer; but he has no children of his own." Once more Mrs. Murphy resumed her walk, and this time with her

fingers playing with her bare and wrinkled throat, in a very unattractive manner indeed.

"Look you, Mr. Blake," said she, when she stopped again; "I hate my brother, and I hate his wife, but I do not hate their child. I bear no malice to the lad whatever; why should I? True, he is the innocent cause that I and mine are poor instead of rich; that my Woodford is heir to his father's beggary instead of his uncle's wealth; but you and I, sir, wage no war against the innocent—may we wage no war at all. The message which you will bear is wholly one of peace."

"Madam," returned the young man quietly, "without quite seeing, I confess, how the matter is to be brought about through the mediation of so humble an individual as myself, and a total stranger to all concerned, yet, if my services should prove the means of reconciling you to a brother, of healing an unnatural feud—"

"I should curse you, sir," interposed Selina with energy, "to my dying day. Let us be frank with one another throughout this matter. I never wish to think of Ernest Woodford otherwise than as the base and perfidious rogue I know him to be; I never wish to think of the woman he has twice taken to be his wife at all. But with regard to their son—my nephew—the case, as I have said, is different. You, who have no relatives, sir, may not be able to appreciate the saying that 'blood is thicker than water,' but for my part I own, this spoiled, unhappy child—whom I have never seen, but the account of whose misdeeds has often reached my ears—awakens in me the deepest interest."

"Ashamed, perhaps, of the gentle emotions that might be observable in her features, Mrs. Murphy set her face to the window, and turned her back upon her companion as she proceeded: "Of wayward habits," said she, that advertisement; alas, the truth is, that this young man, the only relative now left me in the world, except my Woodford, is vicious and abandoned to the last degree. Without some such help as you can give him is speedily afforded, his ruin is certain; and the vast means of which he will be the possessor, will be the cause of innumerable evils to others as well as to himself. I know what sort of a bringing-up the poor lad must needs have had, and my heart has no room to spare for censure; pity for his present, and apprehension for his future, is all I feel. Do I make my motives intelligible to you, Mr. Blake?"

"Yes, indeed, madam," returned the young man gravely; "though such distrust and reticence is rare. But how can you be sure that this appointment is not filled up, or that, if vacant, it will be given to one who has only your recommendation to back him?"

"It is not filled up, because the advertisement appeared in yesterday's paper for the first time, and in this journal only. It is so like my brother not to use the ordinary channels. You will find him wedded to commerce—and better for him if he had taken no other wife. Short-sighted, yet scheming fool! What was I saying? Ah, the tutorship. You have credentials, testimonials of some sort, I conclude? Good. The end and your priority of application will without doubt secure the post. Only, whatever you do, whether now or hereafter, see that you never breathe my name, or hint at having known me or my husband. To do so—matter how sure you may deem your 'testimony'—would be to leave Dowland Hall desolate. There is a girl there, by-the-by—a woman she must be by this time—about whom I should put you on your guard. Are you weak, Mr. Valentine Blake, with respect to young-lady-dolls? I am sorry to see you blush; I should have thought you had been above such follies."

"If I blush, madam, it is for another reason than that which your words imply. However charming this young lady may turn out on acquaintance, my affections are pre-engaged."

"I am glad of it," replied Mrs. Murphy, sharply; "though she was not charming when I knew her, nor did she give any promise of being so. She was, however, a bold and obstinate child, likely enough to grow up both dangerous as a 'leading-lady.'"

"For the first time throughout their talk, there came into Valentine Blake's eyes a cold blue gleam like the glitter of a sword."

"Is this young lady, then, a kinswoman of yours, madam?"

"Yes, sir. You would say, perhaps, that I am not intimate in my relatives. It was against the girl I speak of to take her uncle's part or voice in the subject of our quarrel, and she preferred to take her uncle's."

"Forgive me, madam, if I seem to push my curiosity too far, but it is my habit—indeed, perhaps, by military training—to endeavor to make myself acquainted with the ground when venturing into a strange country. May I ask what was the subject of your quarrel?"

"There were many subjects, sir; what-
ever arose, we differed about; but the chief cause was an incident, a vexatious boy. He is dead now, so there is no need to speak of him."

"And was that young gentleman a relation of yours also, madam?"

"Yes, sir. You may smile, but I am not ashamed to say I loved them all. I strive to do my duty by them, and I earned distinction—distinction! And I am not one to be deluded without regretting it. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, madam. The more you tell me of these matters, the more I am astonished, not at your indignation, but at the unfeeling nature of your conduct in your unknown reproach: it seems as though the past uprooted of natural affection, so often turned back from these unworthy channels, was seeking for its outlet in that neglected lad."

"Very likely," observed Selina, dryly. "I have certainly as it will against the young man—besting him is named, I believe after some conception of his mother—may, as I have said, I wish him well. I am doing the very best for him I can, Mr. Blake, when I ask you to consent to be his tutor."

The young man bowed with courteous gravity, but uttered no reply.

"You need not the compliment, but not the place," observed Selina, sharply.

"I did not say that, madam; but it struck me that you had not quite finished what you had to say—that you might have some

WIT AND HUMOR.

Hard to Please.

Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a business man, and when Pitts goes into a store to trade he always gets the lowest cash price, and he says: "Well, I'd look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better I'll call and take this."

Pitts, like all fast men, is partial to women, and young ones in particular. Now, quite lately, Pitts said to himself: "I am getting rather long in years, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend, opened conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married. "Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself," "But," says Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded: "Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

Seeing the Chips Fly.

Some years ago, a young New Englander found himself in the back part of Pennsylvania, ashore as to the means of living. In this strait he applied to a wealthy Quaker in the neighborhood for help.

"I will furnish thee with work, and will pay thee for it, friend," said the Quaker, "but it is not my custom to give alms to one that is able to labor like thee."

"Well, that's all I want," said the Yankee, "of course, I'm willing to work."

"What can thee do, friend?"

"I will do anything to get a little money to help me out of my difficulties."

"Well, there's a log yonder, and there is an axe. These may pound on the log with the head of the axe, and if there is diligent and faithful, I will pay thee a dollar a day."

"Agreed, I'd as soon do that as anything else."

And so the youth went to work and pounded lustily with the head of the axe upon the log. After a little time he paused to take breath, then he began again.

But after an hour he stopped, throw down the axe impatiently, and walked away, saying, "I'll be hanged if I'll cut wood without seeing the chips fly!"

THE CAPTAIN'S TROUT.—A gentleman who resides in a neighboring town, tells a good story about one of his trouting excursions. He was about setting off, with a friend, for a day's fishing, when an acquaintance, an old sea captain, drove up, and was invited to join them. The captain said he should be happy to go, for he had never caught a trout in his life—and being furnished with rod and line, they all set off together. Arrived at the brook they separated, one going above and the other below, leaving the captain to try his luck where he was. After an hour or two had passed, the gentleman who was fishing above the captain, came within hail and asked him if he had caught anything.

"No," replied the captain, "it's these confounded things that jump off the bank and go *kerching* into the water, that you're after, ain't it?"

HOOSAC TUNNEL.—Years ago, when the project of a route to the West through the Hoosac Mountain was first started, the late Rev. Thomas Whittemore, President of the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad, was in the western part of the state, and an enthusiastic tunnel man was urging the importance and feasibility of the enterprise.

"Why," said he, "look at the route. It seems as if the finger of Providence had pointed it out."

"What a pity," said the old minister, "the finger hasn't been run through the mountain!"

AN AMUSEMENT.—"Betty, my dear," said Stubbs, giving his wife a damaged pair of unmentionables, "have the goodness to mend these; it will be as good as going to the play to-morrow night." Mrs. Stubbs took her needle, confessing she could not see the point, and asked: "How so?" "Why, my dear, you will see the wonderful Ravel in the pant-omime," Mrs. S. finished the job, knaved back the unmentionables, and said to her husband: "That is darned good."

FANCY WORK.—Two street sweepers were overheard discussing the merits of a new hand, who had that day joined their gang.

"Well, Bill, what do you think of the new comes?"

"Oh, don't reckon much of him; he's all very well for a bit of up and down sweeping, but," shaking his head, "let him try a bit of fancy work round the post, and you'll see he'll make a poor hand of it."

THE RIGHT KIND OF A MAYOR.—Mayor McMichael, of this city, married a couple the other day, and in reply to the question what was the price of the ceremony, said there was no regular charge.

"Gosh! Mr. Mayor, give us your hand," exclaimed the delighted groom, "you're just the kind of feller I like to meet," and shaking the worthy chief magistrate violently by the hand, bowed himself to the door.

WANTED THE BEST.—"Captain, what's the fare to St. Louis?"

"What part of the boat do you wish to go on, cabin or deck?"

"Hang your cabin," said the gentleman from Indiana, "I live in a cabin at home; give me the best you've got."

WHY.—"Why are women like churches?" Firstly, because there is no living without them; secondly, because there is many a spirit to them; thirdly, because they are objects of adoration; and lastly, but by no means least, because they have a loud clapper in their upper story.



YOUNG AMERICA.

CONSIDERATE NEPHEW.—"Now, aunt, if you feel at all nervous, you know, I'll change horses with you directly."

FIDELITY.

Love me for my love to thee,
Other claim is not in me;
Youth and beauty both are flown,
Mirth and rest of joy are gone,
Timeless Love remains alone.

Love me for my love to thee,
Parted on life's main are we;
Ships that sailed the North Sea track,
When the summer wind fell slack,
Frozen each in separate pack.

Love me, dear, as I love thee,
Patiently may I decree;
Watching how the angels' hands,
From Time's loosely shifting sands,
Spin the everlasting strands.

Mother Nature.

I don't like to talk against my mother, but I feel bound to expose her unequal manner of dealing with members of the family. We are a large family. Some of us are weak, others strong; some of us are inclined to be steady and well behaved, others too are dissolute. What puzzles me is the partiality which my mother shows towards certain of her children, and the harshness with which she treats others. One of my big brothers stays up until about four o'clock every morning, drinks twelve or thirteen hot whiskey punches, and in the morning my mother simply pinches his ear and says, "Oh, you naughty boy!" One of my younger brothers ate a small slice of roast pork the other day, and thus offended my mother. She, almost immediately after discovering what he had done, flew at him like a tiger, and commenced punching him in the abdomen. He protested, but in vain, my mother was enraged. In eating pork he had committed an unpardonable sin, though many of my other brothers might devour the whole hog with impunity. My mother is very eccentric. One of my brothers pretends that it is very easy to please her. He says she has laid down certain plain, easily understandable laws for our guidance, and if we follow them strictly we shall never get spanked. He told one of my little brothers, who was very weak, that our mother wished him to get up at five o'clock every morning and take a salt water bath *à la* bid. My weak brother followed the advice of my strong brother with the hope of pleasing my mother, but, alas! though he followed the example of my elder brother in every particular, within three months after he commenced to do so, he died. Sometimes my mother says to me, "Take exercise." I immediately set out on a long walk, and perhaps before I have proceeded two miles, my mother is pinching me severely in the back, and I am forced to sit down. The fact of it is, that none of us understand our mother thoroughly. She makes different rules for each one of us, and that concerned prize of an elder brother of mine, who says if we will all rise early, and take salt water baths, our mother will treat us kindly, knows nothing about the matter. I have had a sad quarrel with my mother of late. She ill-treated me, as I thought, without cause, and I became obstinate. Just because I got into the habit of staying up late at night, and drinking one or two glasses of whiskey punch, the old woman got her dander up. She knocked me down flat, and beating a lot of wires red hot, passed them through the small of my back, then she took a small air pump and exhausted all the air from my lungs, leaving a horrible feeling of tightness in my chest; by far the hardest part of this trial was the reflection that two or three of my brothers had done just the same as I had done, and had received no punishment. I have lost all confidence in my elder brothers who pretend to understand my mother perfectly, and declare that she has laid down certain rules for the guidance of her family, which, if duly observed, will relieve her from the disagreeable necessity of punishing them. I'm going to live on dry toast and tea, because my small brother says she told him that she would just whale him if he didn't do so. I won't take a walk before breakfast—at six o'clock in the morning—because another of my brothers thinks to curry favor with my mother by doing so. Not a bit of it! I don't believe that any one understands my mother perfectly. Mother Nature lays down different laws for each of her children. When her children are stupidly disobedient, she spansks them, and they generally profit by the punishment. My mother is subject herself occasionally to a little derangement of her system, caused by earthquakes, volcanic

eruptions, and other diseases, and shows a little charity towards her children. Her children, however, must, each one for himself, talk to his mother, and try to understand the rules which she has laid down for him individually, instead of thinking that what applies to one applies to all.

HYMNICAL WIT.—A Virginia paper gets off the following:
Neill—Tier. On Wednesday, Mr. William Neill to Miss Jane Tier.

A sad event, we rather fear,
She turned to kneel and dropped a tear.

Wright—Buck. On Monday, by the Rev. Mr. Seals, Henry W. Wright to Miss Orla Buck.

The parson seals their fate—'tis very clear,
She's right for once—the luck has got its dear.

The surest way of governing both a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince to yield at certain times something of their prerogative.

INSTABILITY.

Drift away, drift away,
Drift to the barren and homeless sea;
Some men can neither be staff nor stay,
And I think they are made like thee.

Not an oak art thou, but a floating weed,
That waxes on the Gulf-stream east and west,
Where often a land-bird will perch to feed,
But never to build its nest.

Drift, thou purposeless, languid waif;
Drift to the great world's lonesome sea;
Some day revert in thy heart will chafe,
To have drifted so weak from me!

AGRICULTURAL.

About Ploughs.

It is frequently the case, says The Northern Farmer, that a farmer will buy two ploughs of the same make and pattern, and one will prove to be a much easier running and holding plough than the other. Why? It may be that the castings are warped and do not fit together well; but far more generally, because the iron in the two moldboards is not of the same temper—the plough with the softer moldboard being the poorest of the two. The furrow adhering more closely to the soft moldboard, makes the draft of the plough heavier, and likewise pulls the plough around to the right, away from the land, therefore making it run unsteady. As an illustration, take two pleasure-pleighs; the one having on hard-cast shoes, and the other soft-cast shoes. When these two sleighs run over a piece of bare ground, the one with soft shoes draws very much the lightest, and has the most side draft. It is quite difficult for farmmen to make their moldboards always of the same proper temper, and especially is it so where they use soft machinery iron at the same heat with hard plough iron. As a general rule the best and most uniform ploughs come from those firms who make that particular tool a specialty and a study. Their mechanisms become familiar with selecting and melting iron for that purpose, and their castings are apt to be fitted together with extra care.

Depreciation of Guano.

Professor Anderson lately delivered at Glasgow, Scotland, an interesting lecture on the state of the guano trade, the superphosphate manufacture, and the quality of oil cakes and of drinking water—all important agricultural subjects. He informs us that the guano in some of the Chincha Islands on the coast of Peru is already exhausted, and that recent imports are of inferior quality and contain considerably more water and less ammonia than have hitherto been common in Peruvian guano. He believes that the guano now imported is not worth as much as former cargoes, by five dollars per ton, because of this diminished proportion of ammonia.

EVERGREENS.—The Horticulturist says that although animal manures are said to be injurious to evergreens, it has been recently proved that old, well rotted barn yard manure may be applied to them with the best possible results.

The Teeth of the Horse.

A horse has forty teeth—twenty-four double teeth, or graders, four tushes, or single file teeth, and twelve front teeth, called gatherers. As a general thing, mares have no tushes. Between two and three years old, the colt sheds his four middle teeth—two above, and two below. After three years old, two other teeth are changed, one on each side of those formerly shed; he now has eight colt's teeth, and eight horse's teeth. When four years of age he cuts four new teeth. At five years old the horse sheds his remaining colt's teeth, four in number, when his tushes appear. At six years of age his tushes are up, appearing white, small and sharp, while a small circle of young growing teeth is observable. The mouth is now complete. At eight years of age the teeth have filled up, the horse is aged, and his mouth is said to be full.—Turf, Field and Farm.

Agriculture in Africa.

The work of recovering the Great Desert of Sahara, in Africa, is steadily going on in Algeria under the patronage of Napoleon III., and is accomplished by boring artesian wells. About one hundred wells are now flowing, reclaiming the desert wherever they are, and making the barren waste blossom into fertile gardens. In the district of Ouled Kir, stretching far southward into the desert, there are now thirty-five wells, around which 2,000 gardens have been formed, and 140,000 date trees planted. The conquest of the desert is steadily pushed with almost universal success by four military boring brigades, thoroughly equipped and provided with the necessary implements.

TO CLEAN CLOCKS.—A correspondent, writing to the Scientific American, says:—"Common brass clocks may be cleaned by immersing the works in boiling water. Rough as this treatment may appear, it works well, and I have for many years past boiled my clocks whenever they stop from an accumulation of dust or thickening of oil upon the pivots. They should be boiled in pure rain water and dried on a warm stove or near the fire. I write this by the tick of an eight-day clock which was boiled a year ago, and has behaved perfectly well ever since."
[Would not the same method answer for sewing machines?—Ed. Sci. Am. Post.]

RECEIPTS.

RABBIT STEW.—Cook them with a little chopped onion in a stewpan, with water enough to cover them, and butter and cream, pepper and salt, added when they are nearly done. Or add nothing but butter and wine to the gravy.

FILET OF MUTTON.—Cut a fillet or round from a leg of mutton; remove all the fat from the outside, and take out the bone. Beat it well on all sides with a rolling-pin, to make it more tender, and rub it slightly all over with a very little pepper and salt. Have ready a stuffing made of finely-minced onions, bread-crumbs, and butter, seasoned with a little salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and well mixed. Fill with some of this stuffing, the place of the bone. Make deep incisions or cuts all over the surface of the meat, and fill them closely with the same stuffing. Bind a tape round the meat to keep it in shape. But it into a stew-pan, with just water enough to cover it, and let it stew slowly and steadily during four, five, or six hours, in proportion to its size; skimming it frequently. When done, serve it up with its own gravy.

TO BOIL A TURKEY OR PAIR OF FOWLS.—After the turkey is well cleaned, it should lie in salt and water for a few minutes. Fill the body with a stuffing of bread and butter, salt, pepper, and parsley. If oysters are in season, a dozen, large ones, minced fine, are a nice addition. Pin the poultry in a towel, and put it into boiling water, with a little salt, and a head of celery in it. When half done, add a pint of milk. It must not boil very fast, or it will break to pieces.

A small turkey will boil in an hour and a half, and a large one in three hours. A pair of fowls will require from an hour to an hour and a half, according to their age. If oysters are added to the stuffing, the poultry must be served with oyster sauce.

TO BOIL PARSNIPS.—Parsnips are cooked as carrots, but they do not require so much boiling, and are sometimes served differently, being mashed with some butter, a little cream or milk, and seasoned with pepper and salt.

Parsnips are also excellent fried. EGGS AND SPINACH.—Boil and mince the spinach, and serve upon it the eggs, poached; or, stew spinach, or sorrel, and place the poached eggs round the dish, with pieces of fresh bread between them.

COLD SLAW.—Take vinegar and water in equal proportions (unless the vinegar is very strong); add butter, the size of an egg, and a little flour. Pour into a saucepan over the fire, and stir until it is thick; then pour in the beaten yolks of two eggs, and some salt. When it has been on the fire ten minutes more, stir in the cabbage, nicely shredded with a cabbage-cutter. The cabbage must be taken up, as soon as it is hot. You may add a salt-spoonful of mustard to the sauce, if you like it. Salt the cabbage.

JELLY CAKE.—To three well-beaten eggs add one cup of powdered sugar, one of flour; stir well, and add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in three teaspoonfuls of water. Bake in two pie-pans, spread as even as possible. Have ready a towel, and as soon as done, turn the cake on it, bottom side up, then spread evenly with jelly, roll up quickly, and wrap in a towel.

IMPROVED BUTTERWHEAT CAKES.—Make them as usual; set to rise with yeast. Just as you begin to bake them, stir in one teaspoonful carbonate soda, pulverized and dry. It not only lightens them, but renders the acid taste of the buckwheat flour. They are as much better as possible.

FOR A WEAK BACK.—Take 1 beef's gall; put it in a quart bottle; fill it two-thirds full. Now put in alcohol one-third, and stir or rather shake it well. Apply this morning and evening to the spine with a sponge. The effect, in a few days, will be magical. The writer of this would like to sow the receipt broadcast, so perfect a cure it is.

THE RIBBLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 7, 8, 10, is a spice.
My 1, 7, 8, 5, is a place of trade.
My 1, 2, 11, 10, is a small animal.
My 1, 2, 5, 10, is very small.
My 1, 10, 7, 5, is an article of food.
My 1, 3, 11, 10, is a useful animal.
My 1, 7, 8, 11, is a kind of earth.
My 1, 3, 5, 10, is a person usually employed by despots.
My 1, 7, 8, 10, is a domestic animal.
My 1, 7, 8, 10, is an officer.
My 1, 7, 8, 9, 2, 5, is a wild animal.
My 1, 7, 4, 2, 8, is an estate.
My 1, 10, 7, 11, is used for food.
My 1, 7, 4, 5, 11, 10, is an article of dress.
My 1, 10, 5, 7, 11, is a hard substance.
My 1, 7, 4, 10, is found on certain animals.
My 1, 7, 4, 3, 7, 11, is a small book.
My 1, 7, 8, 5, 10, 4, is a small animal.
My 1, 7, 5, 8, 2, 4, is an elderly person.
My 1, 7, 5, 3, 8, 10, is to become perfect.
My whole is one of Headley's sacred mountains.
W. H. MORROW.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in justice, but not in court.
My second's in pleasure, but not in sport.
My third is in honor, but not in fame.
My fourth in subjection, but not in shame.
My fifth is in claret, but not in wine.
My sixth is in desert, but not in dine.
My seventh's in dye, but not in stain.
And my whole has a cold and frosty reign.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three arrows are shot into a circular target at random. Required—the probability that they are sticking in the vertices of an acute angled triangle.

ARTEMUS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

[?] An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A well 30 feet deep contains 18 feet of water, which is to be drawn out by a man at the top, who the first hour takes out 4 feet. How long, with uniform effort, will it take to empty the well?

W. T. STONEBRAKER.

West Milton, O.

[?] An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Within a square is a spring, the distance of which is 6, 7 and 8 chains from three of the corners. Required—the side of the square.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

[?] An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

[?] What is the highest pitch of the voice?
Ans.—The place where it sticks.
[?] When did the ancient Greeks find it profitable to plough the ocean? Ans.—In the days of Cæsar.
[?] What drum is that which is never beaten? Ans.—The drum of the ear.
[?] What is the best hand at cards?
Ans.—Why, the best of course.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—Scranton.

A Speech on the Smith Family.

"Gentlemen," said a candidate for Congress, "my name is Smith, and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns that uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his dicey, turn out his toes, take courage, and thank his stars that there are a few more left of the same sort."

"Smith, gentlemen, is an illustrious name, and stands ever high in annals of fame; Let White, Brown and Jones increase as they will. Believe me that Smith will outnumber them still."

"Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith, and not a Smythe, but a regular, natural S m i t h, Smith. Putting a 'y' in the middle, or an 'e' at the end, won't do, gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man by the name of Smythe or Smith? Echo answers, who? and every body says, nobody! But for Smith, plain S m i t h, why, the pillars of fame are covered with that honored and revered name! Who were the most racy, witty and popular authors of this country? Horace and Albert Smith. Who the most original, pithy and humorous preacher? Rev. Sydney Smith. To go further back: Who was the bravest and boldest soldier in Sumpter's army in the Revolution? A Smith. Who palavered with Powhatan, gallivanted with Pocahontas, and became the ancestor of the first families in Virginia? A Smith again. And who, I ask, (and I ask the question more seriously and soberly) who, I say, is that man, and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls, and married the most widows? History says, I say, you say, and every body says, John Smith!"

CHEATING THE DOCTOR.—An Edinburgh physician, having ordered a blister to be put on a patient's chest, called to inquire what had been the effect.

"Oh," replied the brother of the invalid, "we had na a *chiel* to put the blister on; but we put it on a banbox, and George is well enough."

"Well, well," answered the doctor, with a grin, "that's all right, if he's better."